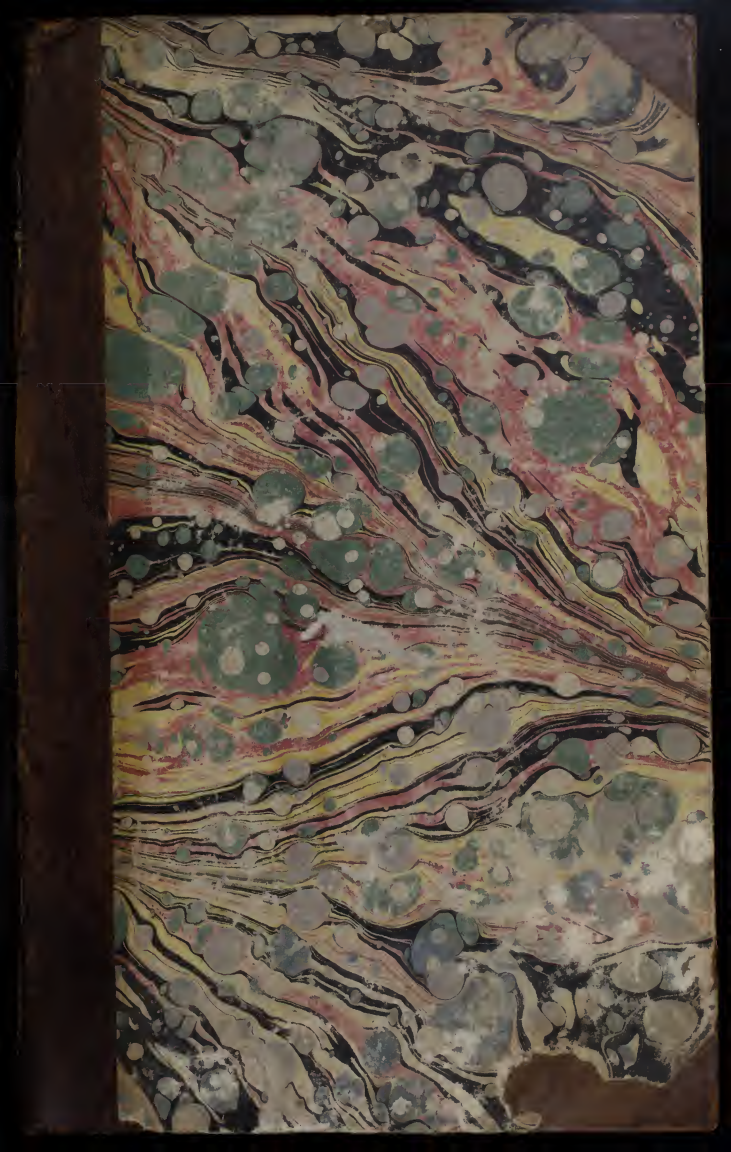
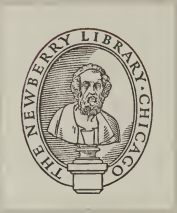


Louis H. Silver



CHARLES R.

HEREAS the Commissioners for the Solemnity of Our Royal Coronation have appointed Our Trusty and Well-beloved John Ogilby, *Gent. for the Conduct of the Poetical part thereof, consisting in Speeches, Emblemes, Mottoes, and Inscriptions, which he intends to set forth in a large Treatise, and Represent in Sculpture; Our will and pleasure is, That no Person, or Persons whatsoever, do presume to Print, or publish the said Treatise, or any relation whatsoever, of the said Solemnitie, or Sculpture, in any size, or Book, or Pamphlet, in any Volume whatsoever, concerning the same, without the Consent of the said* John Ogilby, *as they will answer the contrary at their perill. Given at Our Court at* White-Hall *the* 11th. *day of* April *in the* 13th. *Year of Our Reign.*

By His MAJESTIE'S Command,

EDWARD NICHOLAS.

6 t.

THE RELATION OF His Majestie's ENTERTAINMENT

Passing through the City of

LONDON,

To His

CORONATION:

WITH

A DESCRIPTION

OF THE

Triumphal Arches,

AND

SOLEMNITY;

By JOHN OGILBY.

LONDON,

Printed by *Tho. Roycroft*, for *Rich. Marriott*, in St *Dunstan's* Church-Yard in *Fleet-Street*, 1661.

THE NEWBERRY
LIBRARY

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

LORD MAYOR,

COURT of ALDERMEN,

COMMITTEE for the

CORONATION,

And the reſt of the Worthy Members of this Honourable CITY.

THE RELATION of this Solemnity, and of what, in purſuit of their Commands, He undertook, and hath compleated, is Humbly Dedicated, by

Their

Moſt Obedient Servant,

JOHN OGILBY.

HIS

MAJESTIE'S

ENTERTAINMENT

Passing through the City of *LONDON*

TO HIS

CORONATION;

WITH

A DESCRIPTION OF THE TRIUMPHAL ARCHES and CEREMONIES.

THE City of *LONDON*, *participating the greatest share of that inexpressable Happiness, which these Kingdoms have received by the glorious Restauration of our Sovereign to his Throne, and of us His Subjects to our Religion, Laws, and Liberties, after a dismal Night of Usurpation, and Oppression, and proportionably exceeding in their Loyalty, have taken the occasion of His MAJESTIE'S Coronation, to express their Joy with the greatest Magnificence immaginable: imitating therein the antient* Romanes, *who, at the Return of their Emperours, erected Arches of Marble, which though They, by reason of the Shortness of Time could not equal in Materials, yet do their's far exceed the others in Number and stupendious Proportions. They have not herein spared any Cost to manifest their affectionate Duty to the KING, considering, that, if ever excessive Profusions of this nature might be justified, the*

present should be allowed, the occasion thereof being the most Miraculous, and Joyful of any, that ever happened. And to the intent, that the Ingenuous may be instructed, the Malevolent silenced, and Misinformations prevented, it is thought fit to publish a perfect Description of the Solemnity.

MONDAY, *April* the two and twentieth, His MAJESTY goes from the *Tower*, through the City, to *Whitehall*.

In his passage through *Crouched Fryers*, He is entertained with Musick, a Band of eight Waits placed on a Stage.

Near *Algate*, another Band of six Waits entertain Him in like manner with Musick, from a Balcony, built to that Purpose.

In *Leaden Hall*-street, near *Lime*-street End, is erected the First Triumphal Arch, after the *Dorick* Order. On the *North*-side, on a Pedestal before the Arch, is a Woman personating REBELLION, mounted on a *Hydra*, in a Crimson Robe, torn, Snakes crawling on her Habit, and begirt with Serpents, her Hair Snaky, a Crown of Fire on her Head, a bloody Sword in one Hand, a charming Rod in the other. Her Attendant CONFUSION, in a deformed Shape, a Garment of several ill-matched Colours, and put on the wrong way; on her Head, Ruines of Castles, torn Crowns, and broken Scepters in each Hand.

On the *South* Pedestal is a Representation of BRITTAIN'S MONARCHY, supported by LOYALTY, both Women; *Monarchy*, in a large Purple Robe, adorned with Diadems, and Scepters, over which a loose Mantle, edged with blue and silver Fringe, resembling Water, the Map of *Great Britain* drawn on it, on her Head *London*, in her right Hand, *Edinburgh*; in her left, *Dublin*: *Loyalty* all in White, three Scepters in her right Hand, three Crowns in her left.

The

The first Painting on the *South*-side is a Prospect of His Majesties Landing at *Dover*-Castle, Ships at Sea, great Guns going off, one kneeling and kissing the Kings Hand, Soldiers, Horse, and Foot, and many People gazing: Above,

ADVENTUS AUG.

The whole Tablet representing His Majestie's blessed Arrival.

Beneath the Painting this Motto,

IN SOLIDO RURSUS FORTUNA LOCAVIT.

Alluding to that of *Virgil*,

Multa dies variusque labor, mutabilis ævi
Rettulit in melius, multos alterna revisens
Lusit, & in solido rursus Fortuna locavit.

Thus rendred,

"The various Works of Time, and many Dayes,
"Often Affairs from worse to better raise,
"Fortune reviewing those she tumbled down,
"Sporting restores again unto the Crown.

The Painting on the *North*-side, opposite to this, is a Trophy with decollated Heads, having over it,

ULTOR A TERGO DEUS.

Taken out of *Horace*,

——*sequitur Rebelles*
Ultor a tergo Deus——
"Gods Vengeance Rebels at the heels pursues.

This Tablet representing in a Trophy the late Example of Gods Justice upon the Rebels, who commited that most horrid Murther upon his Majesties Royal Father of blessed Memory. To which Rebels the Motto beneath also referreth.

AUSI IMMANE NEFAS AUSOQUE POTITI.

Said by *Virgil* of those, who were, for the like Crimes, condemned

demned to the Pains of *Erebus*, as he closes the Description of it in the Sixth of his *Æneis*,

Ausi omnes immane nefas, ausoque potiti;

"All dar'd bold Crimes, and thriv'd in what they dar'd.

The Painting over the Middle Arch represents the King, mounted in calm Motion, USURPATION flying before him, a Figure with many ill-favoured Heads, some bigger, some lesser, and one particularly shooting out of his Shoulder, like CROMWELL'S; Another Head upon his Rump, or Tayl; Two *Harpies* with a Crown chased by an Angel; Hell's Jaws opening. Under the said Representation of the King pursuing *Usurpation*, is this Motto,

VOLVENDA DIES EN ATTULIT ULTRO.

Taken out of the *Æneis*, lib. 9.

TURNE, *Quod optanti Divum promittere Nemo*
Auderet, volvenda dies, en! attulit ultro.

"What none of all the Gods durst grant, implor'd,
"Successive Time does of its own accord.

Above the Arch on two Pedestals, *South*-ward, and *North*-wards, stand the Statues of King JAMES, and King CHARLS I. In the Middle somewhat higher, just over the Arch, the Statue of His Sacred Majesty. Under that of King *James*;

DIVO JACOBO.

Under that of King *Charles* I.

DIVO CAROLO.

Under

Under that of His Majesty this following Inscription;

D. N.

CAROLO II.

D. G. BRITANNIARUM IMP.

OPT. MAX.

UBIQUE VENERANDO,
SEMPER AUG.

BEATISSIMO AC PIISSIMO,
BONO REIP. NATO,
DE AVITA BRITANNIA,
DE OMNIUM HOMINUM GENERE
MERITISSIMO,

P. P.

EXTINCTORI TYRANNIDIS,
RESTITUTORI LIBERTATIS,
FUNDATORI QUIETIS,
OB FELICEM REDITUM,

EX VOTO L. M.

P.

S. P. Q. L.

 Behind

Behind the ſaid Figure of *Charles* II. in a large Table is deciphered the ROYAL OAK bearing Crowns, and Scepters, inſtead of Acorns; amongſt the Leaves, in a Label,

MIRATURQUE NOVAS FRONDES ET NON SUA POMA.

——"Leaves unknown

"Admiring, and ſtrange Apples not her Own.

As deſigning its Reward for the Shelter afforded His Majeſty after the Fight at *Worceſter*: an expreſſion of *Virgil*'s, ſpeaking of the Advancement of Fruits by the Art of Graffing.

The upper Paintings on the *Eaſt*-ſide are Ruinous, repreſenting the Diſorder the Kingdom was in, during His Majeſtie's Abſence; with this Motto,

EN QUO DISCORDIA CIVES!

But on the *Weſt*-ſide they are finiſhed, to repreſent the Reſtauration of our Happineſs by His Majeſtie's Arrival; the Motto,

FELIX TEMPORUM REPARATIO.

On the *Royal Oak*, in a Label,

ROBUR BRITANICUM.

Over the Great Table,

REDEUNT SATURNIA REGNA.

Under King *Charles* II.

RESTITUTOR URBIS.

The Painting on the *South-Weſt*-ſide repreſents the Lord *Mayor* delivering to the King the Keies of the City.

In the *Niches* are four Figures. The firſt on the *South*-ſide, a Woman in pleaſant Colours; the Emblem on her Shield, a terreſtrial Globe, the Sun riſing, *Bats*, and *Owls* flying to the Shadow; the Word,

EXCOECAT CANDOR.

The

The Second hath on her Escutcheon a Swarm of Bees, whetting their Stings, the Word,

RRO REGE EXACUUNT.

The Third, on the *North*-side, hath on Her Shield a Mountain burning, Cities, and Vine-yards destroyed, and ruined; the Word,

IMPIA FOEDERA.

The Fourth hath on Her Escutcheon an Arm, as it were out of the Clouds; in the Hand a naked Sword: The Motto,

DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI.

Eight Mutes above, on Pedestals; four in White, four in Crimson.

The Musick of this Fabrick is ten Drummers, flanking *Rebellion*; twelve Trumpets flanking *Monarchy*.

Aloft under the two Devastations, twelve Trumpets, four Drums.

Within the Arch, on two Balconies, six Trumpets, four Drums.

While the Train passeth along, the Drums beat the Marches of several Countries, and the Trumpets sound several *Levets*. At which time, His Majesty drawing near, the Drums turn their March to a Battel, the Trumpets sound a Charge, and on a sudden *Rebellion* rowseth up her Self, at which, Drums, and Trumpets ceasing, *Rebellion* addresses to his Majesty the following Speech.

Stand! Stand! who 'ere You are! this Stage is Ours.
The Names of Princes are inscribed on Flow'rs,
And Wither them! Stand! You must Me know,
To Kings, and *Monarchy* a deadly Foe;
Me, who dare bid You midst Your Triumphs Stand,
In the Great City of Your Native Land:

I am

I am Hell's Daughter, *Satan's* Eldest Childe,
When I first cry'd, the Pow'rs of Darkness smil'd,
And my Glad Father, Thundring at my Birth,
Unhing'd the Poles, and shook the fixed Earth.
My dear *Rebellion* (that shall be thy Name,
Said He) Thou Emperours, and Kings shalt tame,
No Right so good, Succession none so long,
But thou shalt Vanquish by thy Popular Throng:
Those Legions, which t'enlarge our Pow'r we send
Throughout the World, shall Thee (my Dear) attend.
Our mighty Champions, the Sev'n Deadly Sins,
By Malice, Profit, Pleasure, all their Gins,
Bring to Our Kingdom some few spotted Souls;
Thou shalt by Treason hurry them in Shoals.
Would You now know what Int'rest I have here?
Hydra I ride: great Cities are my Sphear:
I Sorc'ry use, and hag Men in their Beds,
With Common-wealths, and *Rotas* fill their Heads,
Making the Vulgar in Fanatique Swarms
Court Civill War, and dote on Horrid Arms;
'Twas I, who, in the late unnatural Broils,
Engag'd three Kingdoms, and two Wealthy Isles:
I hope, at last, to march with Flags unfurl'd,
And tread down *Monarchy* through all the World.

At which Words, *Monarchy*, and *Loyalty*, unveiling themselves, *Rebellion* starts as affrighted, but recollecting her self, concludes her Speech thus.

Ah! *Britain*, Ah! stand'st thou Triumphant there,
Monarchick Isle? I shake with horrid Fear.
Are thy Wounds whole? Upon thy Cheek fresh Smiles?
Is Joy restor'd to these late mournfull Isles?
Ah! must He enter, and a King be Crown'd?
Then, as He riseth, sink we under Ground.

Rebellion

Rebellion having ended her Speech, *Monarchy* entertains His Majesty with the following.

To Hell, foul Fiend, shrink from this glorious Light,
And hide thy Head in Everlasting Night.
Enter in Safety, Royal Sir, this *Arch*,
And through Your joyful Streets in Triumph march;
Enter our *Sun*, our *Comfort*, and our *Life*;
No more these Walls shall breed Intestine Strife.
Henceforth Your People onely shall contend
In *Loyalty* each other to transcend;
May Your Great Actions, and immortal Name,
Be the whole Business and Delight of *Fame*.
May You, and Yours, in a Perpetual Calm
Be Crown'd with *Laurel*, and Triumphant *Palm*,
And All Confess, whilst they in You are Blest,
I, MONARCHY, of Governments am Best,

Monarchy having ended her Speech, the Trumpets sound pleasant *Levets*, and the Drums beat a lofty *English* March, whilst His Majesty, the Nobility, and the Rear-Guard pass on,

Upon His Majestie's Advance to the *East-India* House in *Leaden-Hall*-Street, the *East-India* Company take occasion to express their dutiful Affections to His Majesty in manner following.

* *This Entertainment was designed, and the Speeches made by a Person of Quality.*

* First, a Youth in *Indian* Habit, attended by two *Black-Moors*, is sent out to bespeak the Kings Expectation, kneeling before His Horse in these Words;

Stay, Royal Sir, here comes an Indian,
Who brings along a full fraught Caravan
Of perfect Loyalty, and Thanks, to pay,
As Your due Tribute, on this glorious Day.

In the mean while another Youth, in an *Indian* Vest, mounted upon a *Camel*, led out by two *Black-Moors*, & other Attendants, the *Camel* having two Panniers fill'd with Jewels, Spices, and Silks, to be scattered among the Spectatours, addresseth himself to His Majesty, as followeth.

Avaunt, you Glorious Trifles of the East,
Pearls, Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, and the Beſt
Of Aromaticks, *and your Silken* Toys,
We're Rich enough in our Compleated Joys.
Your Sacred Perſon, Royal Sir, hath brought
Home all the Wealth, that can be found, or thought
The Riches of both Indies *are but Poor,*
Compar'd with our renew'd Carolean *Store.*
We'l blame that Fire no more, that ſcorch'd our Neſt
Of Spicy Trade, ſince we ſee You, the Beſt
Of Kings, *Riſe from the Aſhes of that Flame,*
That burnt our Firſt Right Phœnix *of Your Name.*
For You have out-done Solomon, *and made*
Proviſion for a more then Ophir *Trade;*
Among Your firſt of unexpected Cares
Enlarg'd our Charter, and diſpel'd our Fears
Of the incroaching Holland's *Rival Force.*
Nor can we doubt, but by the bounteous Source
Of Your Succeſsful Right, not only We,
But all the Merchants of Your Realm ſhall ſee
This Empory *the* Magazine *of All*
That's Rich, from Phœbus *Riſing to his Fall;*
And Your Imperial Title *be the ſame*
In Deed, which Spain's *proud Crown vaunts but in Name.*
Which Heavens grant! And that we never ſee
The Sun ſet on Your Crown, or Dignity.
Long live King CHARLES the Second.

The two Youths, who ſpeak to His Majeſty, as above, are *John*, and *Samuel Ford*, ſons of Sir *Richard Ford*, one of the Committees of the *Eaſt-India* Company.

The next Entertainment is a Band of ſix Waits placed on a Balcony, erected in the Middle of the *North-Weſt* Angle of *Leaden-Hall*.

The next Entertainment is at *Corn-hill*-Conduit, on the top of which ſtand eight *Nymphs* clad in White, each having an Eſcutcheon in one Hand, and a Pendent, or Banner in the other. On the Tower of the ſaid Conduit, a Noiſe of ſeven Trumpets. Near

NEAR the *Exchange*, in *Corn-hill*, is erected the second *Arch*, which is *Naval*.

On the *East*-side are two Stages erected; on each side of the street, one. In that on the *South*-side is a person representing the River *Thames*; his Garment Loose and Flowing, Colour Blew and White, waved like Water, a Mantle over, like a Sayl; his Head Crown'd with *London*-Bridg, Flags, and Ozier, like long Hair, falling o're his Shoulders, his Beard long, Sea-green, and White, curl'd; an Oar in his right Hand, the Model of a Ship in his left, an Urn beside him, out of which issues Water; four Attendants in White, representing the four fresh Streams, which fall into the River *Thames*, viz. *Charwell*, *Lea*, *Colne*, and *Medway*.

In the other Stage on the *North*-side, which is made like the upper Deck of a Ship, are three *Seamen*, whereof one habited like a *Boat-swain*.

A Shield, or Table, in the front of the *Arch*, bears this *Inscription*,

NEPTUNO BRITANNICO,

CAROLO II,

CUJUS ARBITRIO

MARE

VEL LIBERUM, VEL CLAUSUM.

The first Painting, on the *North*-side over the City-Arms,

Arms, represents NEPTUNE, with his Trident advanced; the *Inscription*,

NEPTUNO REDUCI.

On the *South*-side, opposite, MARS, with his Spear inverted, his Shield charged with a *Gorgon*; by his Knees the Motto,

MARTI PACIFERO.

Over the *Arch*, the Marriage of *Thame*, and *Isis*.

The Painting on the *North*-side, over *Neptune*, represents the EXCHANGE; the Motto,

——GENERIS LAPSI SARCIRE RUINAS.

An Expression of *Virgil*'s, *Georg.* 4. speaking of the Industry of *Bees*, never discouraged by their Losses; his Description of it running thus,

Quo magis exhaustæ fuerint, hoc acrius omnes
Incumbent generis lapsi sarcire Ruinas,
Complebuntque Foros, & Floribus Horrea texent.

How much by Fortune they exhausted are,
So much they strive the Ruins to repair
Of their fal'n Nation, and they fill th' Exchange,
Adorning with the choicest Flow'rs their Grange.

The Painting on the *South*-side, over *Mars*, shews the *Tower* of *London*; the *Inscription*,

CLAUDUNTUR BELLI PORTÆ.

The Pedestals, in the Upper Story, are Adorned with eight living Figures, representing EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICK, and AMERICA, with Escutcheons, and Pendents, bearing the Arms of the Companies, Trading into those Parts.

The uppermost great *Table* in the fore-ground represents

sents King *Charles* the First, with the Prince, now *Charles* the second, in His Hand, viewing the Sovereign of the Sea, the Prince leaning on a Cannon; the Inscription,

O NIMIUM DILECTE DEO, CUI MILITAT ÆQUOR,
ET CONJURATI VENIUNT AD CLASSICA VENTI.

For thee, O Jove's *Delight, the Seas engage,*
And Mustred Windes, drawn up in Battel, Rage.

Above, over the *Cornich*, between the two Celestial *Hemi spheres*, an *Atlas*, bearing a *Terrestrial Globe*, and on it a Ship under Sail; the Word,

UNUS NON SUFFICIT.

The great Painting on the *West*-side, represents the Duke of YORK, habited *a l'antique*, like *Neptune*, standing on a Shell drawn by *Sea-Horses*, in one Hand a *Trident*, the *Reins* in the other; his Motto,

SPES ALTERA.

On the four *Niches* within the *Arch* are living Figures, with Escutcheons, and Pendents, representing ARITHMETICK, GEOMETRY, ASTRONOMY, and NAVIGATION.

Arithmetick, a Woman habited *a l'antique*; upon her Vestment Lines, with *Musick*-Notes on them: In her Escutcheon a Book opened, with a Hand, pointing to the Figures 1. 2. 3. 4, &c. under,

PAR ET IMPAR.

Geometry, a Woman in a pleasant *Green*, in her Shield a *Compass*, and a *Triangle*; the Inscription,

DESCRIPSIT RADIO TOTUM QUÆ GENTIBUS ORBEM.

Astronomy, a Woman in a loose Vestment, *Azure*, wrought with Stars of Gold, looking up to Heaven: in her Shield a Table, wherein are diverse *Astronomical* Figures; the Inscription,

CIRCUMSPICIT ORIONA.

Taken out of the third of the *Æneis*, where the *Poet* Introduces *Palinurus*, contemplating the Heavens.

Navigation, a Woman in Sea-green Habit, in her Escutcheon an *Anchor*, with a *Cable* about it; the Inscription,

TUTUM TE LITTORE SISTAM.

While the *Nobility* pass the *Triumphal Arch*, the three Seamen Entertain them with this Song from the Stage on the *North*-side of the *Arch*.

From Neptune's *VVat'ry Kingdomes, where*
Storms, & Tempests rise so often,
As would the VVorld in Pieces tear,
Should Providence their Rage not soften;
In that fluctuating Sphear,
VVhere stout Ships, and smaller Barks
Are tos'd like Balls, or feather'd Corks,
VVhen Briny VVaves to Mountains swell,
VVhich dimming oft Heav'ns glittring Sparks,
Then descending low as Hell;
Through this Crowd,
In a Cloud,
By a strange and unknown Spell,
VVe newly Landing,
Got this Standing,
All Merry Boys, and Loyal,
Our Pockets full of Pay
This Triumphal Day,

To

To make of our skill a Tryal,
Of our little little skill:
Let none then take it ill,
We must have no Denyal.

II.

We, who have rais'd, and laid the Poles,
Plough'd Frozen Seas, and scalding Billows,
Now stiff with Cold, then scorch'd on Coals,
Ships our Cradles, Decks our Pillows;
'Mongst threatning Rocks, and treach'rous Shoals,
Through Gibraltar's *contracted Mouth,*
And Realms condemn'd to Heat and Drowth,
Or Baltick *Waves bound up in Ice,*
Or Magellan *as Cold, though* South,
Our good Fortune, in a trice,
Through this Crowd,
In a Cloud,
Brings us where in Paradise
We newly Landing
Got this Standing,
All Merry Boys, and Loyal,
Our Pockets full of Pay
This Triumphal Day,
To make of our skill a Tryal,
Of our little little skill:
Let none then take it ill,
We must have no Denyal.

III.

VVe, who so often bang'd the Turk,
Our Broad-sides speaking Thunder,
Made Belgium *strike, and proud* Dunkirk,
VVho liv'd by Prize, and Plunder.
And routed the Sebastian Shirk;

VVe

We paid their Poops, and painted Beaks,
Cleans'd before and eſt their Decks,
Till their Scuppers ran with Gore,
Whil'ſt in as faſt ſalt-Water breaks;
But we are Friends of this no more:
Through this Crowd
In a Cloud,
We have found an happy Shore,
And newly landing
Got this ſtanding;
All Merry Boys, and Loyal,
Our Pockets full of Pay
This Triumphal Day,
To make of our Skill a Trial
Of our little little Skill,
Let none then take it ill,
We muſt have no denyal.

Beſides the three beforenamed, who ſing the precedent Song, there are in like manner habited, like Sea-men, ſix other Perſons, who make a Wind-Muſick.

The Muſick in the Stage conſiſts of three Drums, and ſix Trumpets.

On the *Eaſt*-ſide, Winde-Muſick, conſiſting of ſix Perſons.

On two Balconies, within the *Arch*, Winde-Muſick, conſiſting of twelve Perſons.

On the *Weſt*-Gallery are placed ſix Trumpets.

Theſe, and all the other Muſick, belonging to this Triumph, perform their Duty without Intermiſſion, till ſuch time as His Majeſty fronts the *Figure*, which repreſents *Thames*, and then ceaſe; upon which, *Thames* maketh the enſuing *Speech*.

Ten

TEn Moons, Great Sir, their silver Crescents fill'd;
Since, mounted on a Billow, I beheld
You on the Bridg; but Louder Joyes there were,
That barr'd my Welcomes from Your Sacred Ear:
Now I above my highest bound have rear'd
My Head, to say what could not, then, be heard.
Hail, Mighty *Monarch!* whose Imperial Hand
Quiets the Ocean, and secures the Land;
This City, whom I serve with Neighb'ring Floods,
Exporting Yours, importing Foreign Goods,
With anxious Grief, did long Your Absence mourn;
Now with full Joy she Welcomes Your Return;
Your blest Return! by which she is Restor'd
To all the Wealth Remotest Lands afford.
At your Approach, I hasten'd to the *Downs*,
To see your Moving Forts, Your Floating Towns,
Your *Sovereigns*, Big with Thunder, Plow the Main;
And swimming Armies in their Womb contain.
You are our *Neptune*, every Port and Bay
Your Chambers, the whole Sea is Your High-way.
Though sev'ral Nations Boast their Strength on Land,
Yet You Alone the wat'ry World command.
Pardon, great Sir, fair *Cynthia* checks my stay;
But to Your Royal Palace, twice a day,
I will Repair; there my proud Waves shall wait,
To bear our *Cæsar*, and His conqu'ring Fate.

The River *Thames* having ended his Speech, the three Seamen, who entertain'd the Nobility with the former Song, address the following to His Majesty.

I.

King CHARLS, *King* CHARLS, *great* Neptune *of the Main!*
Thy Royal Navy rig,
And Wee'll not care a fig
For France, *for* France, *the* Netherlands, *nor* Spain;
The Turk, *who looks so big,*
We'll whip him like a Gig
About the Mediterrane
His Gallies all sunk, or ta'ne.
Wee'll seize on their Goods, and their Monies,
Those Algier *Sharks*
That Plunder Ships, & Barks,
Algier, Sally, *and* Tunis,
We'll give them such Toasts
To the Barbary-*Coasts,*
Shall drive them to Harbour, like Conies.
Tan tara ran tan tan
Tan tara ran tan tara,
Not all the world we fear-a;
The great Fish-pond
Shall be thine-a
Both here, and beyond,
From Strand to Strand,
And underneath the Line-a.

II.

A Sail, a Sail, I to the Offin see,
She seems a lusty Ship;
Hoise all your Sails a-trip:
We'll weather, weather her, what e're she be:
Your Helm then steady keep,
And Thunder up the Deep,
A Man of War, no Merchants She;
We'll set her on her Crupper;
Give Fire, Bounce, Bounce,
Pickeering Villains trounce

Till

Till Blood run in Streams at the Scupper;
Such a Break-fast them we shall
Give with Powder, and Ball,
They shall need neither Dinner, nor Supper
Tantara ran tan tan
Tantara ran tan tara,
Pickeering Rogues ne're spare-a;
With Bullets pink
Their Quarters;
Untill they stink,
They sink, they sink,
Farewell the Devil's Martyrs.

III.

They yield, they yield; shall we the poor Rogues spare?
Their ill-gotten Goods,
Preserv'd from the Floods,
That King CHARLES, *and we may share?*
With Wine then chear our Bloods,
And, putting off our Hoods,
Drink to His MAJESTIE *bare,*
The King of all Compassion:
On our Knees next fall
T' our Royal Admiral,
A Health for his Preservation,
Dear JAMES *the* Duke *of* YORK,
Till our Heels grow light as Cork,
The second Glory of our Nation.
Tantara ran tan tan
Tan tara ran tan tara
To the Royal Pair-a,
Let every man
Full of Wine-a
Take off his Can,
Though wan, though wan,
To make his red Nose shine-a.

The

The Seamen having ended their Song, the ſeveral ſorts of Muſick perform their Duty, whilſt His MAJESTY paſſeth on towards *Cheap-ſide*.

At the *Stocks*, the Entertainment is a Body of Military Muſick, placed on a Balcony conſiſting of ſix Trumpets, and three Drums, the Fountain there being after the *Thuſcan* Order, venting Wine, and Water.

In like manner, on the Top of the great *Conduit*, at the Entrance of *Cheap-ſide*, there is another Fountain, out of which iſſue both Wine, and Water, as in a repreſentation of *Temperance*; and on the ſeveral Towers of that Conduit are eight Figures, habited like *Nymphs*, with Eſcutcheons in one Hand, and Pendents, or Banners in the other: And between each of them, Wind-Muſick; the number, eight.

On the Standard alſo in *Cheap-ſide* there is a Band of Wayts placed, conſiſting of ſix Perſons.

THE third Triumphal *Arch* ſtands near *Wood*-ſtreet end, not far from the Place, where the *Croſs* ſometimes ſtood. It repreſents an Artificial Building of two Stories, one after the *Corinthian* way of Architecture, the other after the *Compoſite*, repreſenting the *Temple* of *Concord*; with this Inſcription on a Shield,

ÆDEM
CONCORDIÆ
IN HONOREM OPTIMI PRINCIPIS,
CUJUS ADVENTU
BRITANNIA TERRA MARIQ. PACATA,
ET PRISCIS LEGIBUS REFORMATA EST,
AMPLIOREM SPLENDIDIOREMQ.
RESTITUIT
S. P. Q. L.

In the Spandrils of the *Arch* there are two Figures, in Female Habits, leaning: One repreſenting PEACE, the other TRUTH. That of *Peace* hath her Shield charged with an *Helmet*, and Bees iſſuing forth, and going into it; the Word,

PAX BELLO POTIOR.

Truth on the other side, in a thin Habit, on her Shield TIME, bringing *Truth* out of a Cave; the Word,

TANDEM EMERSIT.

Over the great Painting upon the *Arch* of the *Cupula*, represents a large GERYON with three Heads crowned, in his three right-Hands, a *Lance*, a *Sword*, and a *Scepter*; in his three left-Hands the three Escutcheons of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*; before him the King's Arms with three Imperial Crowns; beneath, in great Letters,

CONCORDIA INSUPERABILIS.

On the top of the *Cupula* CONCORD, a Woman in her right-Hand holding her Mantle; in her left-Hand a *Caduceus*; under her Feet, a Serpent strugling, which she seems to tread down.

On the West-side, the third great Figure, a Woman, standing at the Prow of a Ship; in her left Hand, a *Cornucopia*; the Word,

FORTUNÆ REDUCI.

Above there are eight living Figures with Pennons, and Shields, representing the four *Cardinal* Virtues, each with an Attendant.

PRUDENCE, on her Shield *Bellerophon* on a *Pegasus*, runing his Javelin into the Mouth of a *Chymera*; the word,

CONSILIO ET VIRTUTE.

JUSTICE, on her Shield a Woman holding a Sword in one Hand, a Ballance in the other; the word,

QUOD DEXTERA LIBRAT.

TEMPERANCE, a Viol in her left Hand, a Bridle in her right; the word,

FERRE LUPATA DOCET.

FOR-

FORTITUDE, a Lyon having the Arms of *England*, in an Escutcheon; the word,

CUSTOS FIDISSIMUS.

The internal Part of this Triumph, or Temple, is Round, the upper part Dark, only enlightned by Artificial Lights; the lower part divided into ten Parts by Pilasters with Pedestals.

Within the TEMPLE are twelve living Figures, three placed above the Rest.

The First the *Goddess* of the TEMPLE in rich Habit, with a *Caduceus* in her Hand, and a *Serpent* at her Feet. Behind the *Goddess*, a Man in a Purple Gown, like a Citizen of *London*, presenting the KING with an *Oaken* Garland, Over the King's head.

PATER PATRIÆ.

Over the Citizen's,

S. P. Q. L.

OB CIVES SERVATOS.

The Second, TRUTH, standing next the *Goddess* CONCORD, in a thin, but rich Habit, her Shield charg'd with a Book held open, with wings fasten'd by a Chain to a Cloud; beneath, a *Fury* plucking at the End of the Chain; the word,

VERITAS INVICTA.

The Third, LOVE richly dress'd, on the other side of the *Goddess*; on her Shield a *Cupid*, Roses in his Right Hand, in his left a Fish.

Of the nine Lesser Figures; the first bears, on a Shield, the King of *Bees* flying alone; a Swarm following at some distance: the Word,

REGE INCOLUMI MENS OMNIBUS UNA.

The

The Second, on his Shield, a *Teſtudo* advancing againſt a Wall; the Word,

CONCORDIÆ CEDUNT.

The third, a Shield charged with Hearts *Gules*; the Word,

HIC MURUS AHENEUS ESTO.

The Fourth, like a Spread-Eagle with two Heads, one of an *Eagle*, the other of an *Eſtrich*; in the Mouth of the *Eſtrich* a Horſe-ſhoe, in the Foot of the *Eagle* a Thunderbolt; the Word,

PRÆSIDIA MAJESTATIS.

The Fifth, a Bundle of *Javelins*; the Word,

UNITAS.

The Sixth, two Hands joyned athwart the Eſcutcheon, as from the Clouds, holding a *Caduceus* with a Crown; the Word,

FIDE ET CONSILIO.

The Seventh, Arms laid down, Guns, Pikes, Enſigns, Swords; the Word,

CONDUNTUR, NON CONTUNDUNTUR.

The Eighth, a *Caduceus*, with a wing'd Hat above, and Wings beneath, two *Cornucopias* coming out at the middle, ſupported by a Garland; the Word,

VIRTUTI FORTUNA COMES.

The Ninth, a Bright *Star* ſtriking a gleam through the midſt of the Eſcutcheon; the Word,

MONSTRANT REGIBUS ASTRA VIAM.

With theſe Figures is intermingled a Band of twenty four Violins.

The

The Bases, and Capitals within this *Triumph*, are Brass, and the Pillars Steel.

The Triumph thus adorned, and the several Musick playing, all pass through, till such time as His Majesty comes to the middle of the Temple, at which time the three principal living Figures, viz. CONCORD, LOVE, and TRUTH, who till then had not been seen, are by the drawing of a Curtain discovered, and entertain His Majesty with the following Song.

I.

Comes not here the King of Peace,
Who the Stars so long foretold,
From all Woes should us release
Converting Iron-times to Gold?

II.

Behold, Behold!
Our Prince confirm'd by Heav'nly signs
Brings healing Balm,
Brings healing Balm, and Anodines,
To close our Wounds, and Pain asswage.
He comes with conqu'ring Bays, and Palm
Where swelling Billows us'd to rage,
Gliding on a silver Calm;
Proud Interests now no more engage.

Chorus.

Let these arched Roofs resound,
Joyning Instruments, and Voice,

Fright pale Spirits under Ground;
But let Heav'n and Earth rejoyce,
We our Happiness have found.
He, thus marching to be Crown'd,
Attended with this glorious Train,
From civil Broils
Shall free these Isles,
Whilst He, and His Posterity shall reign.

I.

Who follow Trade, or study Arts,
Improving Pasture, or the Plow,
Or furrow Waves to foreign Parts,
Use your whole Endeavours now.

II.

His Brow, his Brow
Bids you Hearts, as well as Hands,
Together joyn,
Together joyning bless these Lands;
Peace, and Concord, never poor,
Will make with Wealth this City shine,
Ships freight with Spice, and Golden Ore,
Your Fields with Honey, Milk, and Wine,
To supply our Neighbours Store.

The First Song ended, *Concord* addresses her self to His Majesty, in these Words,

Welcome, great Sir, to CONCORD's *Fane,*
Which Your Return built up again;
You have her Fabrick rear'd so high,
That the proud Turrets kiss the Skie.

Tumult

Tumult by You, and Civil War
In Janus *Gates impriſon'd are,*
By You the King of Truth, *and* Peace;
O, may Diviſions ever ceaſe!
Your ſacred Brow the bluſhing Roſe,
And Virgin Lilly twin'd incloſe!
The Caledonian *Thiſtle-Down*
Combine with theſe t'adorn Your Crown.
No Diſcord in th' Hybernian *Harp;*
Nought in our Duty flat, or ſharp;
But all conſpire, that You, as beſt,
May 'bove all other Kings be Bleſt.

The Speech ended, His Majeſty, at his going off, is entertained with the following Song:

With all our Wiſhes, Sir, go on,
Our Charles *three Nations Glory;*
That Worlds of Eyes may look upon,
Behind, Sir, and before Ye;
Go, great Exemplar of our Britiſh *Story,*
Paternal Crowns aſſume,
That then Your Royal Name
May, regiſtred by Fame,
Swell like a ſweet Perfume,
Not writ in Marble, Braſs, nor Gold,
Nor ſparkling Gems,
Such as ſhine in Diadems,
Where all Nations may behold
With brighter Characters enroll'd,
On th'Azure Vellam of configur'd Stars,
Who fixt with gentle Smiles
Two fluctuating Iſles,
And built well-grounded Peace on Civil Wars.

On

On the little Conduit, at the lower End of *Cheap-side*, are placed four Figures, or *Nymphs*, each of them having an Escutcheon in the one Hand, and a Pendent in the other.

In a Balcony, erected at the Entrance of *Pater-noster*-Row, are placed His Majestie's Drums, and Fifes; the number of Persons, eight.

Between that and *Ludgate* there are two other Balconies erected: In one, is placed a Band of six Waits; In the other, six Drums.

On the Top of *Ludgate* six Trumpets.

At *Fleet*-Bridge a Band of six Waits.

On *Fleet*-Conduit are six Figures, or *Nymphs*, clad in White, each with an Escutcheon in one Hand, and a Pendent in the other; as also a Band of six Waits. And on the *Lanthorn* of the Conduit is the Figure of *Temperance*, mixing Water and Wine.

IN

IN *Fleetſtreet*, near *VVhite-Friers*, ſtands the fourth Triumphal Arch repreſenting the *Garden* of PLENTY; it is of two Stories, one of the *Dorick* Order, the other of the *Ionick*. The Capitals have not their juſt Meaſure, but incline to the Modern *Architecture*.

Upon the great Shield over the *Arch*, in large Capitals, this Inſcription,

UBERITATI
AUG.
EXTINCTO BELLI CIVILIS INCENDIO
CLUSOQ. JANI TEMPLO
ARAM CELSISS.
CONSTRUXIT
S. P. Q. L.

Over the *Poſtern*, on the *South*-ſide of the Entrance is BACCHUS in a Chariot, drawn by *Leopards*, his Mantle a *Panther*'s Skin; his Crown, of *Grapes*, a *Thyrſus* with

Ivy in his left Hand; a *Cup* in his right: underneath,

LIBER PATER.

The Painting over this represents SILENUS on his Ass, *Satyres* dancing round about, in Drunken and Antick Postures; the Prospect, a *Vine-yard*.

On the *North*-side opposite, *Ceres*, drawn in a Chariot by winged *Dragons*, and crowned with Ears of Corn, in her left Hand, Poppy; in her right, a blazing Torch. The Painting over her is a Description of *Harvest*; with

CERES AUG.

On the *West*-side of the Arch, over the *South*-Postern, the *Goddess* FLORA, in a various Coloured Habit; in one Hand, Red and White *Roses*; in the other, *Lilies*; on her Head, a Garland of several other Flowers.

The Painting over this, a Garden, with Walks, Statues, Fountains, Flowers, and Figures of Men and Women walking.

Opposite to this, on the *North*-side, the *Goddess* POMONA, crown'd with a Garland of several Fruits; in her right Hand, the Sun; in her left Hand, a Wand; At her Feet, all Sorts of Graffing, and Gardening Tools.

The Painting above, an *Orchard*.

On the Corners, four living Figures; above, the four Seasons of the Year.

In the *Niches* stand four Figures, representing the four Winds.

EURUS, a *Black-Moor* with Black wings! his Embleme, the Sun rising, and a fair plain Country; his Motto,

AD AURORAM NABATHÆAQ. REGNA.

Bo-

BOREAS, instead of Feet, two Serpents Tails, his Wings covered with Snow; his Emblem, a rocky Mountainous Country, and the *Pleiades* rising over it; his Motto,

SCYTHIAM SEPTEMQ. TRIONES
HORRIFER INVADIT——

AUSTER, in a dark-coloured Habit, with Wings like Clouds; his Emblem, a Cloudy Sky, and Showres; his Motto,

NUBIBUS ASSIDUIS PLUVIAQ. MADESCIT.

ZEPHYRUS, like an *Adonis* with Wings; the Emblem, a Flowery Plain; the Word,

——TEPENTIBUS AURIS
DEMULCET——

The great Figure on the top of all represents PLENTY, crowned, a Branch of Palm in her right Hand, a *Cornucopiæ* in her left.

The Musick aloft on both sides, and on the two Balconies within, are twelve Waits, six Trumpets, and three Drums.

At a convenient distance before this structure, are two Stages erected, divided, planted, and adorned like Gardens, each of them eight Yards in length, five in breadth. Upon that on the *North*-side sits a Woman representing PLENTY, crowned with a Garland of diverse Flowers, clad in a Green Vestment embroidered with Gold, holding a *Cornucopiæ*: Her Attendants, two Virgins.

At His Majestie's approach to the *Arch*, this Person representing PLENTY riseth up, and maketh address to Him in these Words;

Great Sir, the Star, which, at Your Happy Birth,
Joy'd with his Beams, at Noon, the wondring Earth
Did with auspicious lustre, then presage
The glitt'ring Plenty of this golden Age;
The Clouds blown o're, which long our joys o'ercast,
And the sad Winter of Your absence past;

See! the three smiling Seasons of the Year
Agree at once to bid You Welcom here;
Her Homage Dutious Flora *comes to pay;*
With Her Enamel'd Treasure Strows Your Way:
Ceres, *and* Pales, *with a bounteous Hand,*
Diffuse their Plenty over all Your Land;
And Bacchus *is so Lavish of his Store,*
That Wine flows now where Water ran before,
Thus Seasons, Men, and Gods their Joy express;
To see Your Triumph, and our Happiness.

His Majesty, having passed the four Triumphal Arches, is, at *Temple Bar*, entertained with the View of a delightful Boscage, full of several Beasts, both Tame, and Savage, as also several living Figures, and Musick of eight Waits. But this being the Limit of the Citie's Liberty, must be so likewise of our Description.

THE *Parts of which this* Entertainment *consists, were carried on by several Persons, who performed all to Admiration, and, considering the Shortness of the Warning, much beyond what could have been imagined.*

The Architectural Part *by Mr.* Peter Mills, *Surveyor of the City, and another Person, who desires to have his Name conceal'd.*

The Carpentry, *by Mr.* John Scot, *Mr.* William Pope, *Mr.* Thomas Wratton, *and Mr.* Roger Jerman.

The Painting, *by Mr.* William Lightfoot, *and Mr.* Andrew Dacres.

The Joyner's Work, *by Mr.* Thomas Whiting.

The Carver's Work, *by Mr.* Richard Cleer,

The Principal Parts of the Musick, by His Majestie's *Servants; all Composed by* Matthew Lock *Esq; Composer in Ordinary to his* Majesty.

BY

By reason of some fictitious Printed Papers of the Manner of His Majestie's intended Proceeding through London, *on* Monday *the two and twentieth of this instant* April, *lately spread abroad; it is thought fit, for better Satisfaction, to Publish this Copy of that, which is by Authority appointed.*

THE CAVALCADE, OR His MAJESTIE's March through the City of *London* towards His CORONATION;

Monday, April 22th.

THE Duke of *York*'s Horse-guard.
Messengers of the Chamber.
Esquires to the Knights of the *Bath*.
Knight *Harbinger*, } { Sergeant *Porter*.
Sewers of the Chamber.
Quarter-Waiters.
The Six Clerks of the *Chancery*.

Clerks { Of the Signet, Privy-Seal, Council, Parliament, Crown.

Chaplains having Dignities, ten in Number.
The King's *Advocate*, and Remembrancer.
The King's Learned Council at Law.
Masters of the *Chancery*.
King's puisne Serjeants.
King's Attorny, and Solicitor.
King's Eldest Serjeants.

Secretaries of the *French*, and *Latine* Tongues.
Gentlemen Ushers Dayly Waiters.
Sewers, Carvers, and Cup-bearers in Ordinary.
Esquires of the Body.
Masters of standing Offices, being no Councellours, *viz.* Of the Tents, Revels, Ceremonies, Armory, Wardrobe, Ordnance.
Masters of the Requests.
Chamberlains of the *Exchequer*.
Barons of the *Exchequer*, and Judges of the Law, according to their Dignities.
Lord Chief Baron, } {and Lord Chief Justice of the *Common Pleas*.
Mr. of the Rolls, } {Chief Justice.

Trumpets.

Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber.
Knights of the *Bath*.
Knight Marshal, Treasurer of the the Chamber, Master of the Jewel-house.
Barons younger Sons.
Viscounts younger Sons.
Knights of the Privy Council.
Barons Eldest Sons.
Earls youngest Sons.
Viscounts Eldest Sons.

The Trumpets, and Serjeant Trumpets.
Two Pursivants at Arms.

Barons.
Marquesses younger Sons.
Earls Eldest Sons.

Two

Two Purſivants at Arms.

Viſcounts.
Dukes younger Sons.
Marqueſſes Eldeſt Sons.

Two Heralds.

Earls.
Earl Marſhal : and Lord Chamberlain of the Houſhold.
Dukes Eldeſt Sons.

Two Heralds.

Marqueſſes.
Dukes.

Ser. at Arms. { *Clarencieux* } { and *Norroy*. } Ser. at Arms.
Lord Treaſurer, Lord Chancellour.
Lord High Steward.
Two Perſons Repreſenting the Dukes of *Normandy* and *Aquitain*.
Gent. Uſher, } { *Garter*, } { L. *Mayor*.

The Duke of *York* alone.
The Lord High Conſtable of *England*. } The Lord great Chamberlain of *England*.
The Sword born by the Duke of *Richmond*.

The King.

Equerries, and Footmen next His Majeſty.
Gentlemen, and Penſioners without them.
The Maſter of the Horſe, leading a ſpare Horſe.
The Vice-Chamberlain to the King.
Captain of the Penſioners.
Captain of the Guard. } The King's Horſe-guard.
The Guard. } The General's Horſe-guard.

This is to advertiſe, that the Formality for making the Knights of the Bath, *and the Catalogue of them, which are lately Printed, are very Erroneous, and Falſe: They will come forth very ſhortly Exact, and by Authority.*

FINIS.

BY the *Common-Council* of *London*, these Entertainments of his Sacred MAIESTY, were appointed to be managed by a *Committee* consisting of nine *Aldermen*, and fifteen *Commoners*, and others, their Names, these;

Aldermen,
- Sir *Tho. Adams* Knight *and* Baronet.
- Sir *Tho. Aleyn*, Knight *and* Baronet.
- Mr. *Ald. Fowke.*
- Sir *William Thompson*, Knight.
- Sir *Jo. Froderick*, Knight.
- Sir *Jo. Robinson*, Knight *and* Baronet.
- Sir *Antho. Bateman*, Knight.
- Sir *Jo. Laurence*, Knight.
- Sir *Richard Ford*, Knight.

Commoners,
- Sir *Will. Bateman*, Knight.
- Sir *Lau. Bromfield*, Knight.
- Sir *Tho. Bludworth*, Knight.
- Sir *Jo. Cutler*, Knight *and* Baronet.
- Sir *Theoph. Bidulph*, Knight.
- Sir *Will. Vincent*, Knight.
- Deputy *Aylmer.*
- Deputy *Hickman.*
- Mr. *Saunders.*
- Collonel *Trussel.*
- Collonel *Clagett.*
- Mr. *Penning.*
- Collonel *Nevil.*
- Mr. *Osbaldston.*
- Mr. *Mascal.*

These Worthy Members of this Honourable *City*, in Order to this *Solemnity*, have raised Considerable Sums of Money

ney, which by the several Companies were freely Contributed, in expression of their Loyalty.

They have Ordered, that Signs be taken down, the Streets Railed on both sides, the Houses, and Windows adorned with rich Carpets, and Tapistry.

The *Aldermen* have thought fit to place themselves in *Cheapside*, on the Front, or *East* side of the *Triumphal Arch*. At his Majesties coming thither, the Recorder of *London*, Sir *William Wilde*, salutes him with a Congratulatory Oration, which done, He makes Him an humble Present from the *CITY*, in Testimony of their dutyful Affection.

Along the Streets on the *North*-side, stand the *Companies* with their several *Trophies*, and other *Ornaments*: disposed nearer or farther from the *Triumphal Arches*, according to their particular Dignities; opposite to whom (on the *South*-side) are placed the Trained Bands.

In S^t. *Paul's Church-Yard* upon a *Scaffold*, erected for that purpose, stand the Children of *Christ's* Hospital in *blew Coats*, to which belong eleven hundred, a numerous Testimony of the Charity of this Honourable City; as soon as His Majesty is come within View, they begin to sing a *Hymn*, and at His approach, one of them maketh a Speech in Prose; which ended, and His Majesty passing on, they sing another *Hymn*.

FINIS.